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FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ESSAYS ON HOLINESS.

ESSAY III.—CONCLUDED.

THESE V.

In modern times, God hath raised up many witnesses of his blessed doctrine.

As I am better acquainted with characters in that branch of Christ's visible church which I am specially connected, I shall be more particular in noticing individuals of that communion; not doubting but an acquaintance with other churches, would bring to my knowledge many eminent examples of gospel holiness.

The founder and head of this church, under God, was the Rev. John Wesley, A. M. Fellow of Lincoln college, Oxford, Eng. To say nothing of his eminence as a scholar, a writer, and preacher, Mr. Wesley shone pre-eminently as a Christian. His piety has been admired by his opponents in doctrine, and by those who would scarcely give him credit for any other excellency. His plain account of Christian perfection—"an admirable exhibition of that doctrine, surpassed by no uninspired writer, for correctness of sentiment, or purity and perspicuity of language; and together with his constant example, proved him an eminent witness of the doctrine he taught."

Rev. Charles Wesley, A. M. brother to the former, although less known than his brother, during much of his life was a man of fervent piety. He believed and preached the doctrine of holiness, and wrote most of those admirable hymns on the subject, which are found in the Methodist hymn book. We believe he knew by experience those depths of divine love, upon which he so happily expounded his pen.

Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, Shropshire, England, was a burning and shining light in his day. Although a parish minister, by his writings he became known, esteemed, and highly useful, in England, Ireland, Scotland, the West Indies, the United States and British Provinces in America. His pious Essay on Perfection, shows him to have been a complete master of his subject. He professed the holiness he preached to others, and all who knew him believed he had it in possession.

Rev. Richard Whatcoat, a bishop in the United States, experienced, professed, preached, and what was still better, lived gospel holiness. Rev. Francis Asbury, many years senior bishop in America—lived long in the flame of perfect love. Through almost incredible labors, hardships, difficulties and trials, sickness and persecutions—the Lord supported, comforted, and blessed him, and gave him at last a triumphant death.

Rev. Joseph Benson, A. M. one of the first divines in Europe; whether we consider his sound, practical learning—the extent, variety and abundance of his labors—or his great usefulness—he lived and labored long as a witness and advocate of Christian holiness.

Rev. Alexander Mather, was an active, faithful, and useful minister of Christ. He believed, experienced, and preached—that "the blood of Jesus—cleanseth from all sin."

Rev. Benjamin Abbott, an American, labored about thirty years as a local and travelling preacher, in the Southern States; and was uncommonly zealous and successful in preaching the doctrine of perfect holiness. It is said that he used to insist on this point in every congregation, and on every occasion. But what added force to his preaching on this subject, was, he lived every day an example of his doctrine; so that, notwithstanding his remarkable simplicity of manner, (being a natural orator, but uncultivated in the schools,) his word was with power, and the instrument of sanctification to many, both preachers and people.

Rev. William Bramwell, was truly and eminently a man of God. His active, strong, and steady faith—his clear, constant, and victorious hope—his fervent, perfect love—all recommend him as a witness and example of this doctrine.

Rev. Elijah R. Rabin, whose name is dear to many in New England, preached and wrote on the subject of holiness, and was an experimental witness of its verity and excellence. His mind sank under "trials uncommonly severe," so that for several years he enjoyed less, and spoke less of it than he previously did; but towards the close of his life, faith, hope and love, were renewed, and he died a triumphant witness of perfect holiness.

I had thought of extending this catalogue of witnesses to a much greater length, by extracts from the Minutes of the American Conferences, and two volumes of Experiences of eminent European preachers; but I find them too many for me to select, without seeming to give a preference to individuals; I must therefore desist, and rather refer my reader to those volumes, where scores of witnesses that "if we walk in the light—the blood of Jesus Christ—cleanseth us from all sin." To the above list of holy men, I shall add the names of a few eminently pious women.

Mrs. Mary Fletcher, consort and relic of the above named minister—was a mother in Israel, a pillar in the church, eminent in gifts, grace and usefulness. She possessed an ample fortune, with which, previous to her marriage, she brought up many orphan and poor children. In the capacity of wife, all the Christian graces were eminently conspicuous in her; and as she remained long a widow, her excellent mind sustained the trials of that state, with a constant, perfect hope of immortality. Although not a minister, she was an eminent instrument of winning souls to Christ, and building them up in him. Her friends, Ryan and Lawrence, were remarkably devoted to God; so that between her and them existed a friendship as pure and strong, perhaps, as that of Pythias and Damon, or that of David and Jonathan.

Jane Cooper, was another witness of perfect holiness: an eminent patron of faith, patience, diligence, and heavenly-mindedness.

Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, was a decided advocate for entire sanctification in the sphere of her pious labors. Being the companion of an itinerant minister, she had many opportunities of laboring, particularly with those of her own sex; and as she was a holy woman herself, both in heart and life, she labored with uncommon diligence, faithfulness, and effect.

Lady Maxwell, was favored of God with the spirit of holiness, which she cherished and cultivated beyond what Christians generally do. In union and communion with the Holy Trinity, she found a treasure, an honor, and happiness, above the honors of nobility, the riches of this world, and the pleasures of a court. She lived and died, a holy woman. Although these holy men and women abovementioned, outstripped most of their brethren and sisters in the heavenly race: yet there have been thousands in Europe and America, ministers and members of our church, both men and women, who have professed to experience the holiness which we believe is the duty and privilege of all men in this life—their life and conversation has been such as to think of holiness implies: this was the case in the time of Wesley; so that he said, "Convince me none have attained this perfection, and I will preach it no more." Here then we have matter of fact; and in this case, therefore, a moral demonstration of the truth of our doctrine. Hitherto we have adduced only those characters who have finished their course; because we can speak more freely in commendation of the dead, than of the living. But we have living witnesses also. In every district of our extensive connection, there are those who, though they are not angels, are just what they profess to be—holy in all manner of conversation; loving God with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves.

If it be asked, Are there none holy except in one denomination? We answer most cheerfully, there are holy persons in all ages, and in all religious churches. After conceding and lamenting, that a large proportion of the above church are but minors or babes in Christ, instead of being grown to the maturity and perfection of fathers; we cordially acknowledge there are many in sister churches, who outstrip their brethren in faith, hope, love, and every branch of holiness; and were they "taught the way of God more perfectly," we should hear them profess with the apostle John, "Here is our love made perfect." They would also exert their brethren, saying, "It is the will of God even your sanctification." "Therefore—let us go on to perfection." These holy souls commonly express their attainments by the phrases "faith of assurance," "full assurance," or some other of the same import, but less offensive to their brethren than perfect love, sanctification, or perfection, which are newer phrases of scripture. But we do not contend for mere words; if they have gospel perfection, that is the main thing, though it were better to speak of it in scripture language. And how many of the martyrs, reformers, ministers and private Christians, of different denominations, have professed holiness in the above manner, and have maintained it in life and death. In looking over the martyrologies, and other histories of good men, I find many examples of perfect patience under sufferings—perfect meekness under insults and provocations—perfect resignation under the heaviest afflictions, crosses, and trials—perfect faith in God's promises—perfect hope of future glory—perfect love to all mankind—perfect peace in death; and if this is not Christian perfection, I know not what it is. But if holiness have been somewhat in the dark respecting the theory of gospel holiness, or Christian perfection, it is no more than they have in respect to other doctrines of the gospel. How strangely have Calvin, Hopkins, Emmons, and others, misunderstood the scripture doctrine of predestination, election, and reprobation! What foolish superstitions and absurdities were once entertained in those countries that are now called Protestant, and are to this day held sacred among all the Roman Catholics! There are few that are called Calvinists now, who are willing to subscribe to all the sentiments of Calvin, Peter Martyr, and their cotemporaries. Light has increased in the church, and we are now ashamed of many incoherent tenets, which the twilight of former generations did not enable them to discover. So the doctrine of Christian perfection, as set forth in the Bible, (we think,) will be more and more clearly understood, until that day when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea." Then this doctrine will undoubtedly be as well understood in the church as any other, and then instances of complete sanctification be as common as conversions now are.

THESE VI.

All faithful believers possess, or are seeking after perfect holiness.

Notwithstanding the ado made by some disputants about our doctrine of holiness, as if it were a kind of phariseism peculiar to our church, it is a fact that all faithful souls are reaching after this attainment. We never can stand still in religion, for any considerable length of time, but must either advance or recede, rise or fall, increase or decrease, in all the fruits of the Spirit. Vast numbers of those who do not believe it their privilege to be holy, advance to a certain point, which they cannot proceed unless they go on to perfection; and from this point they turn back into what they call a wilderness state, where they are beset with continual doubts, fears, darkness, lukewarmness, and temptation. After some time, a reformation, or perhaps affliction awakens them, and they rise to their former point of enjoyment; but not believing holiness attainable, they soon commence their retrograde tour again to the wilderness. Yet this class of Christians, and indeed all others, while they do enjoy God's presence are reaching after holiness. Whether they clearly understand the doctrine or not, the Spirit maketh intercession with their spirits, with unutterable groans and cries for this great salvation. Among those who deny this doctrine, we often find persons praying—"to be saved from all their sins"—he made holy—that they may love God with all their hearts, and their neighbor as themselves—that they may be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb—that all which expressions imply nothing more or less than perfect holiness. Now this is the language of the Spirit. God teaches them to pray, and he teaches them right; i. e. to pray for an entire deliverance from sin. Their prayers are orthodox, notwithstanding their creed is defective. They also are resolved, for the time being—to follow after holiness, to give themselves up wholly to God, to deny themselves of all ungodliness. While they continue engaged and faithful, they draw nearer and nearer to God become more and more serious, humble, meek, patient, resigned; and the gradual work of sanctification is carried on in them. Their prayers, resolutions, and example, show that they feel the need of perfect holiness, whether they realize it to be attainable now, or not.

Among such Christians as presidents Edwards and Davies, Doctors Doddridge and Watts, Archbishops Cranmer and Usher, Messrs. John Eliot, Howel Harris, Richard Baxter, their great talents and learning apart, we find evidence the most clear and full, that they valued nothing so high as godliness; and enjoyed, or were seeking, that perfect holiness delineated in these essays. To the above names we might add Thomas A. Kempis, Monsieur De Renty, Archbishop Fenelon, Bishop Taylor, William Law, and a multitude of others, whose great tenderness of conscience, deep and uniform seriousness, ardent and constant zeal, profound humility, universal self-denial, constant communion with God, &c. demonstrate that God sanctified them in a much higher sense than most believers are; but in

the same measure all Christians might obtain sanctification. And although these great luminaries in the church outshone the generality of faithful Christians, partly on account of their superior gifts, and the eminence of their stations in the church; yet we think it cannot fairly be denied, that the same spirit of holiness which fired their souls, rested also on many in their times in the obscurity of life, and shone with heavenly lustre in a narrower sphere. That which hath been in now. Whatever may be said of the thousands who are lukewarm, unconverted or backslidden professors, candid and attentive observation will convince any one, I trust, that all faithful Christians either profess perfect holiness, though not perhaps in the same words, or phrases that we make use of; or are following after it, praying, resolving, and striving to be as holy as God would have them to be, i. e. to love and serve him with all the heart, which is perfect holiness.

THESE VII.

The opponents of this doctrine often acknowledge it. "Inconsistency," (says one,) "is the badge of error." An alarm has been raised in the Christian church because this doctrine has been preached; and many, supposing it to be an innovation, and a dangerous species of phariseism, have opposed it with great vehemence; without taking the trouble in the first place to inquire what the doctrine is. Knowing that no man is or can be perfect in an absolute sense of the word, as soon as they have heard the subject mentioned, they have raised a doubt about it, perhaps have misrepresented it not slandered its advocates, unsuspicious that themselves often acknowledge the same sentiment, with only a philosophical difference. Mr. Rowland Hill, who contended for perfection after Rev. J. Fletcher, professed to "feel perfect charity towards his antagonist, Dr. —" Mr. Whitefield carried this perfection too far. Speaking to those fathers in Christ who had become nearly ripe for glory, he says, "I need not exhort you to go forward." This was a mistake; for the most holy persons on earth must still be exhorted, to "forget the things that are behind, and reach forth unto the things that are before." The Countess of Huntingdon, Dr. Madan, and the congregations in their connexion, used to sing some of Mr. Wesley's strongest hymns in favor of Christian perfection, and even copied them into their own hymn book; which was virtually acknowledging the doctrine they expressed. Dr. Hopkins, the champion of New England orthodoxy, says,—"My longing to be perfectly holy is sometimes very sensible and strong, exceeding all desires of earthly things that I have, or of which I am capable." Dr. Cotton Mather advises ministers in their sermons, to "fetch mighty incentives to holiness, from those hopes which will for ever cause them that have them to purify themselves." Mr. John Brown says,—"Let us press after universal perfection in holiness. Study by all means to promote universal holiness in heart and life." Similar acknowledgements of our doctrine are to be found in many if not most of the puritan writers, where their design has led them to the subject; and similar statements are now very commonly made, not only in the pulpit, but in conversation on experience, by those who are very far from thinking that they express in the strongest manner our doctrine of Christian perfection. They tell us, We ought to love God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves—to serve God with all our time and talents, with all that we have and are. Ask them if we may not obtain the faith of assurance, the full assurance of faith, or hope? If we should not do unto others as we would that they should do unto us? These things they affirm, and by so doing acknowledge our doctrine of holiness; for where faith, hope, and brotherly love, are perfect, as these expressions imply, all the graces are perfect, the soul enjoys perfect holiness. Thus we see that our brethren of different denominations often express as much perfection as we do; though we frequently have to take the conceded point in their favorite words and phrases, rather than in the plain language of scripture.

* See Hopkins' Life, written by himself, pp. 118, 123, 133. † Directions for Candidates for Min. p. 96, &c. ‡ Brown's Self-Instructing Bible, on 2 Cor. vi. 1. Heb. xii. 14. 1 Thess. v. 23. Tit. ii. 14.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

FROM THE FAMILY VISITOR.

THE TEACHER IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

I was invited on a fine morning by a lady, to go with her to a Sunday School of which she was the teacher; and, not having a place of worship to attend, I consented, for I was desirous of seeing in what manner religious instruction—the avowed object—was offered to the children. On this subject I had rather peculiar opinions, and so often been disappointed in my visits of the same nature, that, although I had great confidence in my friend's good sense and piety, I feared lest again I should find that the instruction consisted in hearing a hymn, the catechism repeated, and a few chapters in the Testament read—not explained.

I was pleased on my arrival at the school by the general appearance of the scholars. They were all decent and neat. The girls received their teachers with a courtesy, and the boys respectfully took off their hats, and stood in silence. I was always inclined to think well of children, who are civil and humble in their manners. An ill-bred child can never be an amiable one. I was still more pleased by the respect and seriousness, with which they listened to, and participated in the hymn, chapter, and prayer, with which the presiding manager opened school. Each teacher stood at the head of the class assigned her, to observe order, and, of course, took my station by the side of my friend, whose lot was the first class of boys. It was a regulation that each child should commit to memory the text of some one of his tickets, and that he should repeat it as soon as school opened. A boy apparently of 11 years of age, whose countenance bespoke good sense, but whose manner was so careless and indifferent as to convince me, that his heart was not in his lesson, approached the lady, and, handing his blue ticket, hurried over the solemn charge, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Edward, said his teacher, what do you mean by "remember thy Creator?" He looked astonished at the question, and for a moment did not answer what seemed to him, a very simple one. At length he replied, I mean that I must not forget there is a God. And what benefit will it be to you, just to remember that there is a God? Having once known, it is impossible, Edward, you could forget that, unless your memory was destroyed. You could not see the bright sun shining in the heavens, you could not hear the rolling thunder, without recollecting from whom cometh sunshine and rain. Is there nothing more meant by this command, do you think? He was silent. The class drew near, and so did I, for this was "instruction." Edward, said the lady, if your father, who, I know, is a kind and tender one, were to send you to school in a distant country, where he knew you would meet with many wicked children, and that by consenting to do as they did, you would compel him, when you returned, to forbid you his house where good and obedient

children only were permitted to enter; and if, in order to save you from so dreadful a fate, he were to give you a set of rules and strict commandments, and were to say to you, "My son, it is only by following these that you can escape great misery, and show your love, and gratitude to me, while you are gone, then remember your father," what would he mean by that charge? "That I should remember all he had said to me, and keep his commands, said the boy. And if you forgot them, or what is the same thing, if you neglected them, and did the very things he had forbidden, he would be angry with you, and would punish you, and would keep company with those wicked boys by word or deed, could you blame your father, if, when you returned, he refused to let you enter his house, where all was innocence, and peace, and obedience?—No, madam, said the child, whose serious countenance and manner, showed that he began to comprehend her meaning, and whose down cast eyes and crimson cheeks, made me suspect that he had a kind father at home, whose commands, he had too often disobeyed. Look at this Bible, my children, and listen attentively to me, said the teacher. You are all sent into this world as into a school, where you are to be educated for another and a better one. God is your Father. He has placed you here, and to save you from the snares of the Devil and wicked men, he has given you his laws, and shows you your duty in this book—holding up the Bible. If you follow his commands in this life, he will receive you when you die into his glorious heavens. If you despise or forget them, he will forbid you to enter, because you will not be fit to keep company with angels and good men. Knowing, however, that if you do not accustom yourself to obey him, while you are children, it will be very difficult for you to bring your hearts to submit to him when you are old. He has mercifully charged you "to remember your Creator in the days of your youth." Now tell me, Edward, what you think "remembering your Creator" means? That I should keep his commandments, said the child immediately, for now he perfectly understood her. You said you could not blame your earthly father, for punishing your disobedience. Consider but for a moment that "his God who gives you life, and strength, and friends, and food, and raiment, and who, instead of letting you perish like the beasts of the field, has promised, if you will only endeavor to understand and keep "his will," while you are here, that when you die, you shall enter into a world of glory. If you forget him, or what is the same thing, if you despise and neglect his commandments, if you choose to follow the path of sinners, to swear, to lie, to profane his Sabbath, or commit any other wickedness, what can you say, if at the Last Day, the great day of judgment, you should hear the awful sentence pronounced? (open your Testament Edward, and read the 41st verse of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew.) He read, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

I saw tears standing in the eyes of the thoughtless boy, whom she had particularly addressed, and the children looking in silence at their teacher, as if waiting to hear from her, how they should escape so terrible a sentence. My dear children, said the lady, in a gentle, but solemn tone, what I have endeavored to explain to you is a sacred truth, which you cannot too soon begin to imprint upon your souls. Some of you have become scholars because your parents desired it, others from curiosity and idleness, and because you do not know what to do with yourselves on Sundays. I trust that some have entered the school with a better spirit, and from a nobler motive, the desire to learn their duty towards God and towards man. You must believe me, when I say, that your teachers invite you only for your own sakes. Justified therefore of considering it a task to come here, you should consider it a great privilege; for if you endeavor faithfully to remember and practise the lessons we set before you, this little school may be, to each of you, the door of heaven. Having "remembered your Creator in the days of your youth," you will never forget you. In this world he will be your support and your refuge, and when you stand, as we all shall, before the judgment seat of Christ, he will welcome you to his glorious home in the heavens, with that blessed sound—(read, Edward, the 34th verse,) "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."

I do not know how little address may affect my reader; but I can assure them, it had a very great effect upon the children and myself. The former, at a motion of her hand, took their seats and began to look over their lessons, but with a manner very different from that, which I observed before they rose. Every eye was intent on the book, every countenance serious. For my part I congratulated myself, on having at length seen one teacher, who considered "hearing lessons," as a trifling part of the business. I am anxious, said I, to hear your class read. We are not ready, for his our last exercise, and my boys have gone through none yet; but you may be interested by the opposite class which is just rising I see, replied my friend. I left her, therefore, upon her promise of a sign when she was going to begin, and approached the first class of girls. A young lady of mild and engaging manners, at its head, and as I listened to her gentle tone and observed the intelligent faces of her scholars, I promised myself another proof of "woman's skill" in reaching the heart. They read the 10th chapter of Luke, but to my great mortification, verse after verse was hurried over, without a comment from the teacher. She corrected false pronunciation, but the proper tone, the proper emphasis, was apparently considered of no consequence. With an unmoved countenance, she heard the most beautiful passages perverted into nonsense. They were reading—that was sufficient. Surely, said I, to myself, when I finished I shall hear her explain much, that to these children must be unintelligible. Surely from the parable of the good Samaritan, from the characters of Martha and of Mary, I shall hear her draw useful and appropriate lessons, to inculcate on these young females, whose tenderness and care the world and the sick will hereafter be thrown; and who, as heads of families, may like Martha, be "careful and troubled about many things," and should therefore be excited to the "one thing needful." I was mistaken. The chapter finished, she quietly distributed the tickets, and in sorrow I was shaking my head at this addition to my list of negligent teachers, when my friend beckoned me. Her boys had just commenced the 14th chapter of John, which she had selected because it so beautifully and affectingly enforced what she had been endeavoring to explain to them. But instead of permitting a scholar to hurry over a verse, he was made again and again to comprehend it, until he had caught its spirit and appeared to comprehend it. Every difficult word was explained quickly and with simplicity, and the attention constantly excited by her unexpected questions on the subject of the chapter.

My method necessarily takes time, said she to me, when the dismissal bell gave us an opportunity of conversing. But I find reason every Sabbath to persuade me in my plan, for I see it must be by "line upon line, precept upon precept" that these young minds

can be enlightened. I am not anxious that much should either be read or required—I am anxious only that they should comprehend what I teach. After an expression of my cordial approbation, I mentioned to her my regret and disappointment, in relation to the exercises of the opposite class. Certainly, said I, that teacher can have but a very imperfect idea of her duty. And yet, my friend, she means to do good, for she is amiable and kind hearted, and piously disposed. You cannot say religious; No! Then I understood the chief cause of her deficiency; she has never felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin. She knows not its judicialness or its awfulness. She is satisfied with guarding these young creatures from its temptations by making them repeat a catechism or a hymn, or read a few chapters in the Testament, as if there were magic in the mere words. I pity her from my heart, if she even better understands the sacred obligations which I think she has imposed on herself by becoming a teacher of the higher classes in a Sunday School. She would be very much astonished, said the lady, if you were to talk to her of moral obligations. For it seems to vain that by example and exhortation we attempt to draw a distinction between this and common schools. Our teachers, with few exceptions, act as if the only difference consisted in its being held on the Sabbath, and in the repetition of the Testament. They come to the duty as to a task, or with perfect indifference, and take no pains to qualify themselves to give instruction. Were you to ask why they came here, they would tell you, to teach children to read, to say their catechism, and their prayers, and to keep them in church or meeting during service.

And this is called religious instruction—this is to enable to enable those poor children to resist "the world, the flesh, and the devil." If I dared, I would say to these "blind guides," whatever you may choose to think, be assured these little creatures are talents entrusted to you. You have freely and voluntarily offered to become their religious instructors. Many of these children perhaps are orphans—a still greater number have wicked or careless and indifferent parents. Only reflect for a moment that their eternal welfare may depend on your instruction, that their souls may be lost through your negligence. 'Tis in vain that you make them read the life or the doctrines of their Saviour, if you do not explain to them that He lived for their example, that He died to redeem them, and that those doctrines are to guide them in thought, word and deed. 'Tis in vain that you bid them refrain from sin, unless you explain to them the office, and teach them to pray for the assistance of that Holy Spirit, who can alone sanctify and preserve them from it, unless you urge them to confess their sins and show them the nature of true repentance. The Testament, the Catechism, and the Hymns, then, should be the means, not the end, of your instruction. Encourage your scholars to commit them to memory, 'till be a treasury, from which in sickness and sorrow, they will hereafter draw with thankfulness. But beware lest they should mistake "the form for the power of godliness." Make them understand that the highest in class is frequently the lowest in the sight of God, for a child may be a very smart and a very wicked one. That to read, sing hymns and attend church or meeting, is right, and is their bounden duty; but that all this, and more, may be done without having a sense of religion. For if it is not the fruits of a contrite, humble, and thankful spirit, 'tis like the Pharisees of old, "to pay the tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law." That they may be sinners without being "murderers," or "thieves," or "false witnesses," since to indulge themselves in anger, malice, pride, envy, hatred, or uncharitableness, or any other hidden and wicked propensity, is to have "an unrepented heart and spirit." Finally, impress always on their minds the solemn fact, that when able to understand what sin is, they must answer to their Maker if they commit it, and by exhibiting his love, his forbearance, his mercy or his terrors, induce them to watch over their hearts, still innocent hearts, or to forsake the sins in which they are as yet not hardened.

If by this faithful discharge of your duty, you are the means of rescuing even one soul from the snares of error, example or ignorance, if you lead even one erring child into the path of life, rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for your Saviour himself hath said, "Whoever shall break one of these least commandments, and teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of Heaven."

FROM THE COLUMBIAN STAR.

RELIGIOUS DISSIPATION.

Dr. Miller, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, in a truly excellent sermon upon "the difficulties and temptations attending the preaching of the gospel in large cities," among other causes of these peculiar difficulties, reckons "the love of variety and fondness for religious dissipation," which prevail, generally, to the greatest extent in populous towns. His remarks in the following extract, are applicable to more than one city.

"There is a tendency in large towns, where public exercises of religion abound, and where some churches, of one denomination or other, are almost always open; there is a tendency, among many professors of religion, otherwise exemplary, by far too much to neglect the duties of the closet and of the family, and to be almost perpetually engaged in attending on public services. I am a warm friend, not only to a punctual attendance on the stated services of the house of God on the Sabbath, but also to an attendance on prayer meetings, and other similar exercises, as Providence may afford an opportunity, in the course of the week. The person who has it in his power to attend such meetings, but has no taste in, and seldom or never appears at them, gives too much reason to fear that if he have real religion at all, it is at a very low ebb in his soul. Nay, I have no doubt that, where the principle of piety is in a lively and growing state, such meetings will be regarded as a feast, and there will be a desire to enjoy them as often as is consistent with the other duties of a Christian as a husband, a father, a son, and a citizen. It is a duty to be diligent in the life of growing piety. It is a duty to be diligent in a most fatal degree, that faithful instruction of children and servants, which is indispensable to training up a family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And it tends to enfeeble the mind with an amount of spiritual provision, which is

THE HERALD'S HARP.



NIGHT WATCHING.

I watched beside his bed. He never slept—
‘Twas nothing more than slumbering; and those
Were intervals of short repose, so short,
That wearied nature seemed to realize
No positive relief; for when aroused
His giddy brain the grateful moment stole,
In dreams of bliss, before his ravished eyes,
The pleasing images of home (for he
Was far away) in all their loveliness
Appared; his fondest recollections, charms,
Endearments, all before him passed; and then
He’d start, and fetch the deep drawn sigh, and call
For those he loved, his mother, sister, who
Alas for him, knew not his sufferings.
And thus, from hour to hour, dull time dragged slow
And wearily along. But none of all
His visions fair, with disappointment keen,
Seemed half so deeply fraught as this—So near
To that loved spot, where passed his youthful days
In all the innocence of rustic worth,
He fondly thought himself, that he could from
The cottage chimney top the ascending smoke
Now plainly see. With hurried step, as he
Advanced, the murr’ing of the rugged brook
Came sweetly stealing on his listening ear,
And brought to mind the scenes of other days.
Now turned a flexion of the winding road,
The cottage burst upon his ravished sight,
A sight to him the dearest, loveliest, earth
Could yield. He met, embraced, and wept for joy
With all—Near the paternal cot, beneath
A stately elm, whose wide-extended boughs
And canting branches screened the noon-day sun,
A pure and limpid spring there was, where oft
At summer’s noon he’d slaked his raging thirst.
Thither his sea-devouring appetite
(For he was burned with fever’s drought) impelled
His steps. Arrived—he stood—one moment stood,
And gazed with rapture inexpressible
Upon its gently bubbling art. Ah! those
Who’ve felt a fever’s thirst best know, and they
Can tell how grateful to the taste, how relishing
Is nature’s purest, sweetest drink—He fell
Upon his knees, and spreading out his hands—
Quick as electric flash the vision vanished.
For when he put forth them they found no rest.
Then all imagination’s schemes of “wild
And strange delights,” were in a moment changed
To bitter draughts of real misery.
I knew it by his groan and rattling tongue—
To languish on a bed of sickness, far
From those we love; to wear the weary hours
Away in sorrow and dejection,
In loneliness and cold neglect, with none
To smooth the pillow for our aching head—
Oh! it is there one in all the catalogue
Of Heaven’s righteous chastisements, which we
Could not more patiently endure, at which
Our sensibilities more readily
Shrink back—

WILLIAM.

MINISTERS’ DEPARTMENT.

FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

TO MR. WILLIAM STONES.

“Bristol, 1813.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I waited for a letter from
you, and received it at length with much pleasure. I
am more than ever convinced of the great advantage
we receive from entire sanctification. It preserves
the soul in rest, in the midst of all the storms of life.
It gives such satisfaction in every station, so much ap-
proves of the order of God, has such proper lookout
for his glory, a full deliverance from self, and such a
strong desire for the good of our neighbors in every
way.
The world is gone, we live above, yea, we
‘dwell in God, and God in us.’ We can speak when
we will, and be silent at our pleasure. Such victory
is gained, such salvation is accomplished! We are
nothing and feel it; and we can do nothing without
God; hence we give him all the praise of every good
thought and action.
“Keep yourself in the love of God.” I have known
several who have received it, and some who have lost
it. We need not lose it. We may stand, for God is
able to keep us for ever. Live in it, talk about it,
preach it, and enforce it with patience, with all kind-
ness;—and if you do this, hell, the world, and numbers
amongst the Methodists, yea, some leaders, if not pre-
achers, will in some artful way seek to hinder your
success. But what are you to do in your station?
“Pray without ceasing.” Be led “like a lamb to the
slaughter; be dumb, not opening your mouth.” At
the same time never be moved, never give the least
way. I have known several who were beaten from their
practice. What did the late J. Brown say to me on
this subject? He was handled in a strange manner,
and by those who should have lifted up his hands.
But there is a day of judgment! If there should be
any thing extravagant in your manner, always be
willing to acknowledge it; but take care that you are
not unwavering drawn from the *MFE*, and sink into the
common mass of death.
“There never was a time when we preachers had
greater need to tremble. And Satan’s method now is,
to keep us in the dark. Labor to show yourself ap-
proved as a preacher. I would labor, sometimes night
and day, to have good sermons. But take care, that
your end, in all your reading and study, be to save
souls. Keep this one end in view. There is too
much labor now to be popular. It was said of one
man at the Conference, that he labored for an hour
to make the preachers and people think that he knew
something.” O, poor labor! I see not numbers now
thus laboring? I see them, and I see they do nothing.
How shall such give an account to God! A man goes
into a circuit with this view, “I am determined I will
make this circuit know I am somebody!” My Brother
Stones, the salvation of souls, and if possible a
soul brought to God in every day’s labor, is of the
greatest consequence.
“We shall be glad to see you whenever you can

come. Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. I
am yours, affectionately, W. M. BRAMWELL.

THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

In one of my tours through a village, I was arrived
at the place I had to preach in, when I saw a young
man sitting by the roadside; I kindly invited him to
come and hear a sermon—“No,” was the reply, I
asked him the reason—he answered with the greatest
indifference, “he did not like sermons.” I began to
speak seriously to him; but I should only shock your
feelings, were I to relate what passed. I told him
that I never, in all my life, had witnessed such a hard-
dened youth, and that seeing he would not come and
hear a sermon, I would give him a short one where
he was sitting. I then began by telling him his lost
state by nature—the misery that attended such a con-
dition—that there was a Saviour provided for sinners,
even the chief, and that he invited such to come and
rest on him for salvation; but if they refuse, how
could they escape?—In conclusion, I entreated him,
with all the paths I was master of, to fly ere it were
too late to that merciful Redeemer. In leaving him,
I again asked for his attendance, with earnest desires
that the Lord would bless what I had been saying.
With a heavy heart I entered the place where I was
to preach; but you may well imagine with what
pleasure I saw the youth enter, and with his eyes
fixed on me, from the beginning to the end of the ser-
mon, he paid the greatest attention, and, if I mistake
not, his hand was raised at one part of it to wipe off
the falling tear. O, that the Lord may say, concern-
ing him, “Is not this a brand plucked from the fire?”

PARENTS’ DEPARTMENT.

FROM THE ACADEMICIAN.

EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

It is common among parents in tolerable cir-
cumstances, after their daughters are let loose from the
nursery, as it is called, to send them to some school,
at a distance from parental care, and even to continue
them there, after a certain age, provided that the said
school be noted, by report, for the superiority of its
tutors, in teaching dancing, music, painting, &c. while
they pay little or no attention to the means by which
their expanding minds may be imbued with the sound
principles of morality and religion, the best and most
certain protectors of female virtue. Indeed, we are
sufficiently taught by experience, that by these, they
may, in general, defend themselves against infidel
opinions, and the wiles of the circumspect seducer,
when no other weapons are near at hand, or can be of
any avail. For it is almost universally to be observed,
that the first step taken by these villainous char-
acters, to unhinge female chastity, is to undermine
their religious and moral principles. If, therefore,
these first of all earthly concerns be but slightly im-
pressed upon their minds, they will, perhaps, with
difficulty, escape the snare which has been so artfully
laid for them: they will become the most abject and
miserable wretches, through the remaining part of
their lives, and at last become tenants of those dol-
ful regions of misery, where hope never comes, and
where anguish and despair abide for ever. Upon
their first being betrayed to leave the paths of virtue,
they, for a short time, follow the deluding siren’s
voice, who speaks but to betray, and allures but to
render wretched. The least deviation from the path
of virtue, however, will surely, at no distant period,
carry along with it its own punishment.

We have never been able to answer the objections
raised by many, against the improvement of the men-
tal powers of females; but on the contrary have
found many advantages derivable from it to society in
general. One of the strongest arguments for women’s
being well educated, is, that it enables them to super-
intend the education of their children in the early pe-
riods of their existence, when the mind is so suscep-
tible of wrong or right notions. The care of infants
falls to the mothers, unless they are incapable from
constitutional infirmity of attending to the manage-
ment of their darling pledges. If, therefore, the maternal
conversation and manners be not of a salutary nature,
the infantile mind will feel their baneful effects, and as
it increases in years, they will become more firmly
rooted, till finally they become almost incapable of
being erased. On the contrary, children educated
by mothers of solid understandings, who approve of in-
ternal worth more than of external accomplishments,
have generally turned out useful members of society,
and ornaments to themselves and guardians. If they
have not in modern, they did in ancient times, and we
think were the example of some of the Roman matrons
to be imitated, we should not so often be vexed
with an illiterate and fretful wife, and depraved and
ignorant children.

The end of female education, many parents think,
consists exclusively in ornamental accomplishments, and
the adorning of their daughter’s body. Weak-
ness of intellect and habits of persevering ignorance
prevent them from seeing the fatal influence which
these fripperies of folly have upon the female mind.
They do not reflect, that they are more apt, and their
limited education, and their flattered beauty, to dive
deeper into folly than the male sex, and that their
increasing years, till they become the objects of
merited contempt. The whole tenor of their in-
struction recommended by parents, and often by in-
structors, tends to render young females ridiculous
and illiterate. A mind weakened by parental precep-
tors, cannot excite much respect or attention.
Creatures who value themselves upon their
form, and who have no other ambition, will never
possess a handsome appearance, must possess a very shallow
understanding, and can scarcely deserve to be ranked
among rational beings.

If parents desire that their daughters should fill a
respectable place in society, it is necessary in the first
place, to give them a correct knowledge of religion
and the moral duties, to furnish their minds with sound
and practical information, to excite a relish for read-
ing, from which they will reap more exquisite delight,
than in viewing the fantastic ornaments of the body.
Let there be added, a knowledge of numbers, of or-
thography and English Grammar, that they may not
expose themselves to the ridicule of those, with whom
they hold a correspondence; an acquaintance with
geography, history, and biography, on their conversation
will be extremely limited. And whoever has the misfor-
tune to get a partner for life, without some ac-
quaintance with these, will consume many an hour
with her in discontent; pointing out her foibles and
imperfections, when compared with the elegant and
useful attainments of those who are her superiors in
virtue and information; and descending with acrimo-
ny upon her deficiencies, in those qualifications which
mark a splendid and refined mind.

LADIES’ DEPARTMENT.

FEMALE MARTYR.

In Holland, in the year 1527, was martyred,
and burnt a widow, named Wende. This poor widow
having received into her heart the brightness of God’s
grace by the appearing of the gospel, was therefore
graced and put to custody in the Castle of Warden;
and afterwards brought from thence to the Hague,
there to appear at the general sessions. Divers monks
were sent to talk with her, and win her to recant, but
she was steadfast in the truth of God’s word wherein
she was planted, and could not be moved. Many al-
so of her kindred and other women, were suffered to
converse with her, among whom there was a certain
noble matron, who dearly loved the widow. This
matron conversed much with her, and at length said,
“My Wende! why dost thou not keep silence,
and think secretly in thine heart those things which
thou boldest, that thou mayest prolong here thy days
and life?” To whom the good woman replied: “Ah!

you little know what you say. It is written, ‘with
the heart we believe to righteousness; with the tongue
we confess to salvation.’ &c. And thus being firm
and steadfast in her belief and confession, she was con-
demned to be burnt to ashes, and her goods confiscated,
(that is, plundered,) which sentence she took mildly
and quietly.

At the place of execution, a Monk brought out a
blind cross; and bade her several times to kiss and
worship her God. “I worship,” said she, “no wooden
god, but only that God which is in heaven.” She
then with a cheerful countenance went to the stake,
where she desired the executioner to see that the
stake was fast, that she might not fall. Taking the
powder, she placed it at her bosom, and gave her neck
willingly to be bound, with an ardent prayer, com-
mending herself to the hands of her faithful God and
Saviour. She then closed her eyes, bowed down her
head, and was soon strangled, and afterwards burnt
to ashes—instead of this, to get an immortal crown
in heaven.

VERITE.

A WIFE.

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a com-
panion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not
merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing;
and dance; it is a being who can comfort and coun-
sel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel, and
judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can
assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his
joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his chil-
dren. Such is the woman who is fit for a wife, a
mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of
the former description may occasionally figure in a
drawing room, and attract the admiration of some com-
pany; but is entirely unfit for a helpmate to man, and
to “train up a child in the way he should go.”

YOUTH’S DEPARTMENT.

THE SWEEP AND THE TOMBSTONES.
Some years ago you printed an account which I sent
you, of two little sweeps. I now send you an anec-
dote about another of these poor boys. It is written
down nearly as it was communicated to me.

Jack had been several years apprenticed to his mas-
ter, and was almost twelve years old, but could not
read. No person had ever taken any pains to teach
him, and his master, though kind, was an ignorant
man, and there was not a book in his house.

One day, as Jack was going along the street, he
saw several school boys, about his own age, playing at
marbles, and as he was very fond of the game he stop-
ped to look at them. His attention was soon caught
by something new to him, this was their books, rang-
ed in a line by the side of a wall. He ventured to
take hold of one, and was turning over the leaves,
when the boy to whom it belonged came up, and an-
grily asked him what he was about. Jack took some
marbles out of his pocket, and offered to give them to
the boy if he would let him look at the book till the
game was over. The owner consented, and Jack
turned over the leaves, but of course could not make
out its contents. The game being ended, the boys
dispersed; Jack returned the book, and asked the boy
many questions about reading, and, for another mar-
ble, persuaded him to read some of his lessons before
they parted.

The next day Jack felt desirous to learn to read al-
so, and not knowing any other plan, he watched for
the boy’s return from school, and after some talk a-
bout books asked him to teach him to read, and offer-
ed him a marble for every letter he taught him. The
boy consented, and Jack set about trying to win mar-
bles enough to pay his little master, and being a good
shot, he succeeded, though not without some pains.
His teacher used to meet him every day for some time,
and the little sweep soon began to spell words of one
syllable. One day Jack came as before to the place
where they used to meet, but did not find his teacher;
he searched for him, and finding him busy at marbles,
he waited till the game should be over. After a short
time, to his great sorrow the boy called out, “Sutty
boy, I can’t teach you any more, father and mother
have both scolded me because you have dirtied my
book with your black hands.”

Jack was disappointed, and being very different from some
idle children who are glad of any excuse to escape
their lessons, he offered to pay two marbles for every
lesson, and to wash his hands carefully every day—
This was in vain, his teacher was either tired of the
task, or afraid of being blamed about his book. All
now seemed to be at an end, when Jack recollected
that he had seen letters on the tombstones in the
church-yard, and as these could not be hurt by his
black fingers he mentioned this plan to the boys, and
offered to go on paying any one who would teach him
to read the words on the stones. The boys were
struck with his anxiety to learn, and agreed that they
would take it upon them to teach him, and immediately
began. After continuing this method for some days,
one of them offered to take him to a Sunday School;
Jack readily agreed. The Superintendent was pleased
with his anxiety to learn, and took pains to procure
him instruction on week days also. He applied dili-
gently, and soon was able to read and write; and
what was far better, from the instruction he received,
he was brought to love the Bible and the truths it
contained.

If any of your little readers feel tired of their les-
sons I hope they will think of the “Sweep and the
Tombstones,” and I hope, also, that like him they will
learn the best wisdom, “For the soul to be without
knowledge is not good;” but it is of very little use to
be able to read and write if they remain ignorant of
Christ, or only repeat texts and chapters by rote—
Then “Incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine
heart to understanding; if thou seekest for her as for
hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the
Lord, and find the knowledge of God.”—Prov. ii.
2, 4, 5.

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in
youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or
destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers
are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of pa-
rents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but
must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds
that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with
such untimely darkness; that good humor, which once
captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in
every company, those abilities which were fitted for
adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the
shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for
running the fair career of life in the midst of public
esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his
course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignif-
icance and contempt! These, O sinful Pleasures, are thy
troubles! It is thus that co-operating with the foe of
God and man, thou degradest human honor and blast-
est the opening prospects of human felicity!

Among the students of the British Universities, who
have received gold prize medals, is one who has been
blind from his birth. What encouragement is here
offered to youth, who are blessed by the bounty of
Heaven, with the possession of all their physical pow-
ers, to press forward to the goal of excellence. Shall
one who has never seen the glorious sun, one whose
mind was never furnished with one of the main ave-
nues for the transmission of ideas, outstrip his more fa-
vored fellows in the race for literary fame? This
should excite hope in the bosom of every aspirant
for honorable distinction, however parsimonious na-
ture may have been in the bestowment of force, and
this hope will induce a perseverance that will not rest
satisfied with a mediocrity in attainment.

There is nothing more common than to hear pro-
fessors of religion coldly acknowledge themselves to
be sinners, as if the mere verbal confession would sup-
ply the place of that godly sorrow for sin “which lead-
eth to repentance.”

SAILORS’ FRIEND.

A SAILOR BROUGHT ROUND.

On coming out of a Sailor’s Meeting, not long since,
a conversation was entered into with a seaman who
had attended. He expressed, in the strongest and
most grateful manner, the joy he felt in the privilege
allowed him of thus visiting a port where the gospel
was preached to sailors. “It was the ship William,”
said he, “that brought me round.” On being request-
ed to explain himself, he answered to the following
effect:—“It brought me round from my evil ways. I
went on board on Sabbath day, careless and uncon-
cerned, more to have a lounge than to get any good.
I had previously been a notorious bad character for
swearing and loose living; I never thought I was in
the broad road to destruction. There it was, on board
of the William, that I heard those truths, which not
only attracted my attention, but broke my hard and
stony heart. It pleased the Lord to work in me, by
the Holy Spirit, a deep conviction of my sinful and
awful situation. Often I had said and thought that
no circumstance or distress could ever force me to that
degree, that I could not refrain from crying all the
time of service. These convictions caused me to cry
for mercy, and that God who has proclaimed himself
gracious and merciful, answered my prayer.
—Mariners’ Magazine.

THE BLIND SAILOR.

At a meeting of a Bible Society in the north of Eng-
land, one of the active agents, who was present; when
he had moved the first resolution, said, “I shall not
call on any individual to second it, but, seeing that I
am surrounded by so many sailors, I shall leave to one
of them to come forward.” There was a death-like
silence of some moments. At length a sailor, with a
great deal of confidence, and in a harsh tone of voice,
said, “Sir, there is not an individual present who has
greater reason to second your resolution than the per-
son who now addresses you. Before I had arrived at
20 years of age, in every species of vice and immor-
ality I led the van. Our ship was ordered to the
Coast of Guinea; a violent storm came on, the vivid
lightning flashed around, at last it struck my eyes;
from that time to the present I have not beheld the light
of day; but, sir, though I was deprived of sight, I was
not deprived of sin. I was very fond of having books
read to me, but, alas! I only had books. At length a
Scotchman came to my house, and said, I know you
are fond of hearing books read; will you hear me read?
I said I had no objection; he read the book to me—I
felt interested, and at the end of his reading I said,
tell me what book you have read. Never mind, said
he, I will come again and read more; he came again,
and again, and again. At last the tears gushed out
from my blind eyes, and I earnestly exclaimed, O, sir,
what book is this? This book is the Bible. From that
time, though blind, I see I can discern the way of sal-
vation by a crucified Saviour: from that time to this
I have been enabled to follow my Lord and Saviour;
and I come forward to second this resolution, knowing
the advantages of circulating the sacred volume.”
Subsequent to this, he obtained a few shillings per
week, which he divided in various proportions to dif-
ferent religious societies; and gave six pence a week
to a little boy to read to him the sacred scriptures,
and to lead him about from house to house, and from cel-
lar to cellar, to tell sailors what God had done for his
soul.

Thus it will be seen that sailors are as susceptible
of divine impressions as others, and may become as
useful. We could relate many instances of this kind.
—B.

LOOK AT HOME.

While Christians behold from the elevated summit
on which they are placed, the miserable condition of
the heathen world in their far distant view—while
their eyes pity, their hearts melt, and their hands con-
tribute to send the gospel and missionaries to relieve
the moral necessities of a world lying in wickedness,
O that from their exalted region of benevolence and
Christian philanthropy, they would look into the vale
below, at the foot of the holy mount on which they
stand, and see in our rivers and our harbors, and our
ports at home, thousands of our brave and indefatiga-
ble seamen, the defenders of our country and the con-
ductors of merchandise, “flesh of our flesh, and bone
of our bone,” perishing for lack of teachers to break
to them the “bread of eternal life.” Now are the
gales blowing, ships sinking, vessels wrecking, sailors
drowning, souls perishing; then now let the friends of
the Redeemer arise, arouse and exert themselves in
replenishing the funds, in sending out more laborers,
in offering their prayers for the outpouring of the
Holy Spirit on the “men of the main,” that they
also may see the salvation of the Lord.—M. Mag.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REFLECTIONS UPON A FIELD OF CORN.

As the corn-field, often threatened with danger, and
exposed to the rude visiting of the tempest, is yet pre-
served in safety to yield its rich stores to the husband-
man; so the human mind, visited by affliction, and
shaken by the storms of adversity, still bears up against
the blast, and is strengthened and purified by the
fiery contention. In the moments of sorrow, when
care and trouble oppress us, our knowledge, faith,
and humility, are increased and confirmed, for though
like the tender stalk of corn, we bend whilst the blast
sweeps over us, the compassionate hand of God gently
raises and consoles our afflicted hearts.

The time of harvest approaches, the corn ripens
fast, the sun’s warmth and soft showers descend to
hasten its maturity. May we also, as each succe-
eding day brings us nearer to our end, become more and
more mature in all good, and prepare to be gathered into
our fathers in eternal glory. Whatever be our situation
in this state of existence, whether cheered by pros-
perity, or darkened with impending evils, may all
our actions tend to the glory of God, and the promotion
of piety.

As those stalks which bear the largest and finest
ears of corn bend beneath their treasure, whilst those
which are poor and light stand erect and overlook the
field; so we observe men, vain and presumptuous,
without knowledge and virtue, proudly hold up their
heads, and contemptuously look down upon those
whose religion teaches to be humble, and whose learn-
ing has estimated the limits of human attainment, and
the insignificance of vanity.

All the corn which is to be reaped is not equally
good; tares and weeds are mixed with it; and as with
men—they blend together both good and bad qualities,
and their natural corruption often retards their pro-
gress in virtue. The dissipated and the wicked, by
their pernicious examples, often sow tares in the field
where one but good seed ought to grow. The mas-
ter of the field permits them to remain for a season,
and patiently awaits the arrival of the harvest before
he exercises that impartial justice which separates the
good from the bad.

The sickle mows down the corn; and the fruits of
the earth are joyfully gathered. Death levels with
the wicked and the righteous; and happy will be the
hour in which those, who have preferred the pure
light of religion to the delusion of error, are received
into the regions of glory, and ambushed amongst the
spirits of just men made perfect. They will gratefully
remember the storms, the dangers, the trials, and the
afflictions, through which they have been preserved,
and they will joyfully unite with angels in glorify-
ing the God of heaven.

ON FAITH.

People would never affect a haughty carriage, if
they were sensible how agreeable a little affability

ten do, that an imperious behavior gives them an air
of grandeur and importance, if they knew that it is a
certain indication of a little soul and a low education.
Mean people in power are always insolent, and ex-
pect to be treated with unusual deference and cere-
mony. This is the most unbecoming step they could
take, as it generally produces an inquiry into their
pretensions to respect, which are found to be as false
as their behavior is odious.

There is but one kind of pride that is justifiable—
that is, to be above doing any little mean action your-
self, or countenancing vice in others.

“Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have re-
turned unto all thy commandments.” Every act of trans-
gression in the wicked man tends to harden his heart,
and render it callous. If a man who fears God is not
unhappy as to fall into sin, his conscience reproaches
him and he is ashamed before God and man. This is
a full proof that God’s Spirit has not utterly departed
from him; and that he may repent, believe, and be
healed.—Dr. A. Clarke.

It may be added, let such a man beware that he re-
peat not his transgression, lest he become less ashamed,
his conscience less tender, and his heart more hard,
until the fear of the Lord depart entirely from
before his eyes. Then, if he ever should be restored,
it will be after such an agony of remorse, as none can
conceive of, but those who have felt it.

THE GATHERER.

THE PRAYING SOLDIER.

During the late unhappy commotions in Ireland, a
private soldier in the army of Lord Cornwallis was
daily observed to be absent from his quarters, and
from the company of his fellow soldiers. He began to
be suspected of withdrawing for the purpose of bold-
ing intercourse with the rebels, and on this suspicion,
probably increased by the malice of his wicked com-
rades, he was tried by a court martial, and condemn-
ed to die. The Marquis, hearing of this, wished to
examine the minutes of the trial, and not being sat-
isfied, sent for the man to converse with him. Upon
being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed
every treasonable practice or intention, declared his
sincere attachment to his sovereign, and his readiness
to live and die in his service—he affirmed, that the
real cause of his frequent absence was, that he might
obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private
prayer, for which his lordship knew he had no oppor-
tunity among his profane comrades, who had become
his enemies merely on account of his profession of re-
ligion. He said he had made this defence on his trial,
but the officers thought it so improbable, that they
paid no attention to it. The Marquis, in order to sat-
isfy himself as to the truth of his defence, observed,
that if so, he must have acquired some considerable
aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied, that,
as to ability, he had nothing to boast of. The Mar-
quis then insisted on his kneeling down, and pray-
ing aloud before him; which he did, and poured forth his
soul before God with such copiousness, fluency, and
ardor, that the Marquis took him by the hand, and
said he was satisfied that no man could pray in that
manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse
with his God. He not only revoked the sentence, but
received him into his peculiar favor, placing him
among his personal attendants, and in the way to pro-
motion.

On reading the above, every serious mind will be
led to reflect on the remarkable intervention of Pro-
vidence in behalf of this man of prayer; for this is the
most prominent feature in the Christian character.
He could not live without prayer, though he thereby
exposed himself to the suspicion and hatred of his so-
cieties, and even endangered his life; but that God,
whom, like Daniel, he served, knew how to bring
him in the perilous hour; and not only heard his pray-
ers, but made the exercise of this duty itself the
means of his deliverance. O, how does this reproach
those who live without prayer, though they have
every opportunity for retirement, unseen and un-
suspected.

This anecdote also does honor to the illustrious
British nation, who can boast of commanders warmly at-
tached to that religion and piety which so many, in
the present day, treat with contemptuous scorn.

INSTANCES OF PROVIDENTIAL PRESER-
VATION.

The following Epitaph is copied from a tomb in the
vicinity of Port Royal, Jamaica:—

“Here lieth the body of Lewis Gaily, Esq; a na-
tive of Montpellier, in France, which country he left
on account of the revocation. He was swallowed up
by the earthquake, which occurred at this place in
1692, but, by the great Providence of God, was, by a
second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued
swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived 40 years
afterwards.”

An instance of Providential preservation not dis-
similar to the foregoing, is recorded in the annals of
the British Navy. A merchant vessel sailing through
the Channel, and on the coast of France, was caught
by the earthquake, which occurred at this place in
1692, but, by the great Providence of God, was, by a
second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued
swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived 40 years
afterwards.

About the year 1754, a vessel bound from Dublin
to Holyhead, in which Maj. C., a relative of a
noble family in the north of Ireland, was a passenger,
having been struck by a large ship which in a dark
night had run foul of it, immediately sank. The crew
of the ship, awaked by the shock, ran instantly on
deck with lights, but not a single vestige of the vessel
or of the passengers was visible on the surface of the
water. An eddy merely marked the place where the
vessel had been; but though the boats were instantly man-
oeuvred, and sent away, not a human being could be found.
After a little time, however, had elapsed, a strange
sailor was seen sitting on the deck of the ship in a
kind of stupid amazement. On interrogating him,
he discovered that he had belonged to the vessel
which had foundered. Of the mode of his escape he
knew nothing, neither had he any recollection of the
accidental meeting of the two vessels, nor of the situ-
ation in which he had been placed when the transac-
tion happened. It was, however, conjectured that he
had at that period been asleep in a deep sleep, and had
been precipitated from his station among the shrouds
and sails of the ship, and his fall having been thus be-
lieven, he had descended upon the deck, where he had
remained for some time in a state of insensibility.

The foregoing instances of extraordinary preser-
vation recall to our recollection one equally remarkable,
which happened a few years since to a gentleman
formerly residing in this state, but now one of the most
eminent merchants in London. [SAMUEL WILLIAMS,
Esq. formerly of Salem.]

Passing one night on the ocean, he was aroused by
a tremendous shock. Springing instantly on deck,
he was met by something at the head of the gangway,
which, though but partially awake, he instinctively
seized hold on, and clung to. It proved to be the
bowsprit of a large ship which had run foul of them,
and which passed directly over the vessel in which
he was a passenger. It was instantly sunk, and every
soul on board, except himself, perished in the general
destruction, leaving him alone to tell the sad and un-
doubtedly fatal fate of all his companions. He then formed
the resolution never more to risk the dangers of the
sea, to which he has thus far rigidly adhered.